



As much as I appreciate watching a few sporting events here and there, including the Masters golf tournament this weekend, I have known for the longest time that I am not the most proficient in the hand-eye coordination department or the brute strength realm or agility or quickness or overall physical stamina. I played baseball until junior high, then came sitting the bench for basketball in 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and high school was just limited to golf (there was actually more physical conditioning required playing percussion for the marching band than walking all over the course finding all my stray shots in golf, but minor detail).

Nevertheless, I still remember the first tryout for the team, starting at some obscene early morning hour for a teenager. Evidently, we had to get the round in before the course was opened for the public, or some nonsense reason. It was incredibly nerve-

racking, though, hitting off from that first tee box in front of far too many people. And yet, I do not remember much about that day, but what I do remember is the dew that early morning: the dew that was so overwhelming, as if it was unleashing a miniature flood on the tops of the blades of grass up and down the fairways and surrounding rough patches, where I always spent most of my time playing on the junior-varsity squad and all.

So, whenever this Psalm 133, which we heard this morning, comes up, and there's that verse about the "dew of Hermon flowing down upon the hills of Zion," I cannot help but think back to that morning, because it is not an image that just brings back a memory of sight or even smell. It remains so powerful that it can still make my socks and shoes feel soaked just thinking about that overwhelming morning dew. Of course, I was not the only one who had to deal with the moist surfaces. Everyone had to go along with the wet conditions. Except, it was just one of a combination of many seemingly little matters that could bond a team together.

After all, as much as professional golf is an individual sport, as it is this weekend with the Masters; then, it was about the team. Granted, we still had our own individual parts of our game to work on with each practice. We still had to take our own shots, study our lies and decipher own putts on the greens, overcome dew and whatever other conditions that would come up along the way. Nevertheless, in the end, all the scores were tallied up together with the entire team. We struggled, endured, lost, won as a team.

I wonder if such a connection can be made to the church: that, yes, we have our own individual lives, for sure, but we are also, called to be a team working together to care for each other and the community and the world around us. We have our own personalized gifts and talents that we bring to our church family table. We have certain parts of own life that need worked on from time to time, to be sure. Sometimes, we ask help from other members of the team. Sometimes, we feel more comfortable practicing and working on the kinks ourselves. But, regardless, God calls us to bring what we have, no matter our level of proficiency, or how much we have to offer; to bring what we have for the betterment of our church family and beyond.

After all, Psalm 133 is not so much about the morning dew alone, but about, "How good and how pleasant it is, when kindred live together in unity!" as it so beautifully says in the first verse. And yes, we know with any team, whether it be the church or otherwise, with as many human individuals, will come just as many opinions and takes on the role of the church, and how the entire world should operate, for that matter. When we bring in our gifts and talents, we also bring in our personalities and backgrounds and life experiences. And yet, somehow, our eternal coach, in a sense, God calls us to "live together in unity." The audacity on this God of ours!

Except, certain life experiences can connect us even more strongly than a morning dew. Those life-shaping moments unify us in loving and adoring the God who promises to be with us regardless of the course conditions for all our time on this earth. After all, God shaped the church to be a place and people where life experiences can be shared together: not just with Sabbath worships, but with job loss, deaths in immediate families, laughter over meals, excitement in whatever personal achievement. It's as if the church as a body of Christ is meant to be so inter-connected, so close, as if to feel a spiritual dew in our soul from the tears of sadness and joy from someone else effecting us so incredibly deeply, that we did not even realize was possible. That is a unity of love and compassion and care that is so amazingly beautiful: a unity in believing that the Resurrection still means something not just for some distant heaven, but that it means something transformational and life-altering here and now; and not just for individual faith journeys, but for entire communities of faith and beyond. After all, as that Psalm 133 concludes: such a blessing is not limited for the most talented and gifted among us, but for the whole world to enjoy: "life forevermore." And for that Greatest News of all, we most certainly give thanks to God, indeed! Amen.